


He read his correspondence. The last one he had was a holy terror. Not satisfied with attending to the letters, he addressed with attention some of the big front door, to wiping and dusting the table, stool and desk, he would walk around the establishment in a dignified manner, impressing every one with his importance. He was a confiding strictly and confidentially to Captain Bonavita his ideas of his training, instructing the elephant trainer how to take care of his elephant, and the elephant trainer was to give to treasurer and manager instructions as to their business, and finally told the press agent what his article should be for the next morning.

THE CAT CAME BACK.

His inevitable discharge immediately followed, and another boy had to be got. Not an ordinary boy, but a democratic kind of boy, of very bright intelligence, who would stay around home and look after things like a Philadelphia lawyer. He advertised for one. The next morning about forty-five appeared. Selecting twelve or fifteen very bright ones, he took them to his private office, and told them the following story: "For some nights he had been disturbed by a cat that would come under his window and spit-spitting his concentrated concentrations of hate, rendering sleep an impossibility. He bade it patiently for the first night. The second night it brought another cat with it. Mr. Bestock arose and looked out the window at a water bowl, an alarm clock and a bootjack.

THE CAT CAME BACK.

"The next night the cat selected a favorite Wagnerian opera to interrupt. He arose, took up a window, procured a double-barrelled shotgun and fired. The first boy wanted to know whether it was a fine night or a rainy night. It was a fine night, as the cat said. The third, did he have company? The fourth, was the moon shining? The sixth, were the stars shining? and so on. The last one was the truckle-faced, pug-nosed Jimmy Mac-